Nim. I must do as I may, tho patience be a tyred mare,
Yet sheel plod, and some say knives have edges,
And men may sleepe and have their throtes about them
At that time, and there is the humour of it.
Bar. Come y faith, Ile bestow a breakfast to make *Pistoll*,
And thee friendes. What a plague should we carrie knives
To cut our owne throates.
Nim. Y faith Ile live as long as I may, thats the certaine of it.
And when I cannot live any longer, Ile do as I may,
And theres my rest, and the randevous of it.

Enter Pistoll *and Hostes Quickly, his wife.*

Bar. Godmorrow ancient *Pistoll.*
Here comes ancient *Pistoll*, I prithee *Nim* be quiet.
Nim. How do you my Hoste?
Pist. Base slave, calleſt thou me hoste?
Now by gads lugges I sweare, I scorne the title,
Nor shall my *Nell* keepe lodging.
Host. No by my troath not I,
For we cānot bed nor boord half a score honest gētlewomē
That live honestly by the prick of their needle,
But it is thought straight we keepe a bawdy-house.
O Lord heeres Corporall *Nims*, now shall
We have wilful adultry and murther committed:
Good Corporall *Nim* shew the valour of a man,
And put vp your sword.
Nim. Push.
Pist. What dost thou push, thou prickeard cur of Iseland?
Nim. Will you shog off? I would have you solus.
Pist. Solus egregious dog, that solus in thy throte,
And in thy lungs, and which is worse, within
Thy messfull mouth, I do retort that solus in thy
Bowels, and in thy Iaw, perdie: for I can talke,
And *Pistolls* flashing firy cock is vp.
Nim. I am not *Barbason*, you cannot coniure me:
I have an humour *Pistoll* to knock you indifferently well,
And you fall foule with me *Pistoll*, Ile scoure you with my
Rapier

Rapier in faire termes. If you will walke off a little,
Ile prick your guts a litle in good termes,
And theres the humour of it.
Pist. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
The Graue doth gape, and groaning
Death is neare, therefore exall.

They drawe.

Bar. Heare me, he that strikes the first blow,
Ile kill him, as I am a souldier.
Pist. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.
Nim. Ile cut your throat at one time or an other in faire
And theres the humor of it. (termes,
Pist. Couple gorge is the word, I thee defie agen:
A damned hound, thinkst thou my spouse to get?
No, to the powdering tub of infamy,
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cresides kinde,
Doll Tear-sheete, she by name, and her espowse
I have, and I will hold, the quandom quickly,
For the onely she and Paco, there it is inough.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Hostes you must come straight to my maister,
And you Host *Pistoll*. Good *Bardolfe*
Put thy nose betweene the sheetes, and do the office of a
(warming pan.
Host. By my troath heele yeeld the crow a pudding one
(of these dayes,
Ile go to him, husband youle come?
Bar. Come *Pistoll* be friends.
Nim prithee be friends, and if thou wilt not be
Enemies with me too.
Ni. I shal have my eight shillings I woon of you at beating?
Pist. Base is the slaue that payes.
Nim. That now I will have, and theres the humor of it.
Pist. As manhood shall compound. *They draw.*
Bar. He that strikes the first blow,
Ile kill him by this sword.
Pist. Sword is an oath, and oathes must have their course.